

The Evening World.

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THE CLUBBING INVESTIGATION.

More genuine satisfaction will be felt on the east side at Mayor Low's action in putting Inspector Cross and the offending captains on trial than at any other act of the administration, accomplished or in prospect.

It is, indeed, a matter of greater importance to those who live there, that dense and defenseless population, than even a change of administration. It promises a change of the policy which in making the policeman's club an instrument of law and order, has made it, in these districts, frequently a court of last resort. The club falls there with equal force on the heads of the deserving and the undeserving. And the underserving, knowing that they are far removed from the fountains of justice and knowing also how expensive the trip to them is, have bound up their wounds and swallowed their resentment.

This rule of the club reached its limit in the disgraceful scenes at the Rabbi Joseph funeral. The testimony heard by the Mayor's Investigating Committee showed how far the arbitrary exercise of police authority had gone before its culmination in the riotous conduct around the Hoe factory. It made a trial of the accused officers obligatory in the interests of justice. In ordering it Mayor Low has shown his appreciation of the gravity of the preliminary evidence.

The trial will serve a good purpose in confirming the truth of these charges or in clearing the accused officials of the misdeeds on their reputations. It is an excellent alternative.

Pretty Close.—A hold-up within a hundred feet of the City Hall police station is about as near as the safe-cracking back of Capt. O'Reilly's station-house. But in a great city even the police cannot be expected to know who their neighbors are.

FALSTAFF FOR CONGRESS.

About Ben Adhem, when he went to bed last night, his mind burdened with the news that the victorious Devery, crowned with the laurels he was but lately "resting on," was going to run for Congress, proceeded to dream. It was a biographical dream. He saw a vision of a policeman clubbing his way up in his profession from patrolman to roundsman, to sergeant, to captain, to inspector, to chief, and waxing larger of limb and looser of mouth at every rise. He saw streams of wealth from hidden sources trickling down into the fat man's pockets—wealth with an odor to it. He saw the fat man, a veritable Falstaff, loling in a golden victoria on the sands at Rockaway.

Next shifting of the biograph showed Falstaff in his great vaudeville canvass of the Ninth District bidding for votes with tons of coal, "spelling" parties, free ice, free drinks. Next in St. Tammany's council, near the inner shrine.

Last scene of all revealed Falstaff in the halls of Congress, his ambition realized, a trusted representative of the great city of New York. A rise indeed for the poor street lad. Now a national lawmaker, uprearing his Falstaffian proportions to address Mr. Speaker to the accompaniment of the inextinguishable laughter of his fellow lawmakers—a sight, indeed, for Conkling's State—a sight, indeed, even for the State that sent a prize-fighter to Congress.

And at this point Abou ben Adhem awoke as a man awakes from a dream that he is rolling over a precipice. And he uttered thanks to heaven that at least the last act in this life drama was not yet on the boards.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

Young women dissatisfied with their physical or facial charms are recommended to read with attention what Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer has to say in The Evening World on physical culture as a beautifier for women. Yesterday's number of this series of articles told "How to Beautify a Plain Face," and to-day's "How to Have a Beautiful Figure."

The old reliance put on lotions and washes and "beauty baths" for clearing the skin or rounding out a thin neck into plumpness is well nigh done with. The change must come from within, from an improved digestion or from the mechanical means of exercise and massage. Massage by drawing the blood to the muscles operated upon and so invigorating and nourishing them is an invaluable beautifier. Mrs. Ayer's daily demonstrations in The Evening World's Home Magazine of its methods and effects make very interesting and profitable reading.

NEW THEATRES.

That month which sees no new hotel erected in New York usually sees a new theatre projected or begun. Yesterday it was reported that Weber & Fields would soon put up a very modern and palatial temple of the drama for their patrons—one, it is to be hoped, with some effective smoke-consumer as a feature.

It was also reported that the Shuberts would build a theatre next door to the Casino. Most new theatre-building projects have Long Acre Square or its neighborhood in view. Where the Casino is likely to be for years to come a desirable location. The Metropolitan Opera-House there is an anchor to windward. But patrons from Harlem and the upper west side want their theatres nearer, and managers are responding to their demand. The Lyceum made a long leap.

THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN.

The amateur sportsman's fatally accurate marksmanship at human targets bids fair to break last year's record. In the Adirondacks with the season just begun it has already become responsible for two deaths. The Maine list of like fatalities is always large. The ludicrous episode near Manitowish, Wis., yesterday of a hunter shooting the bird on a woman's hat by mistake for a partridge is more serious than amusing. It is a rare week-end excursion to the woods which does not develop a similar close shave for some member of the party.

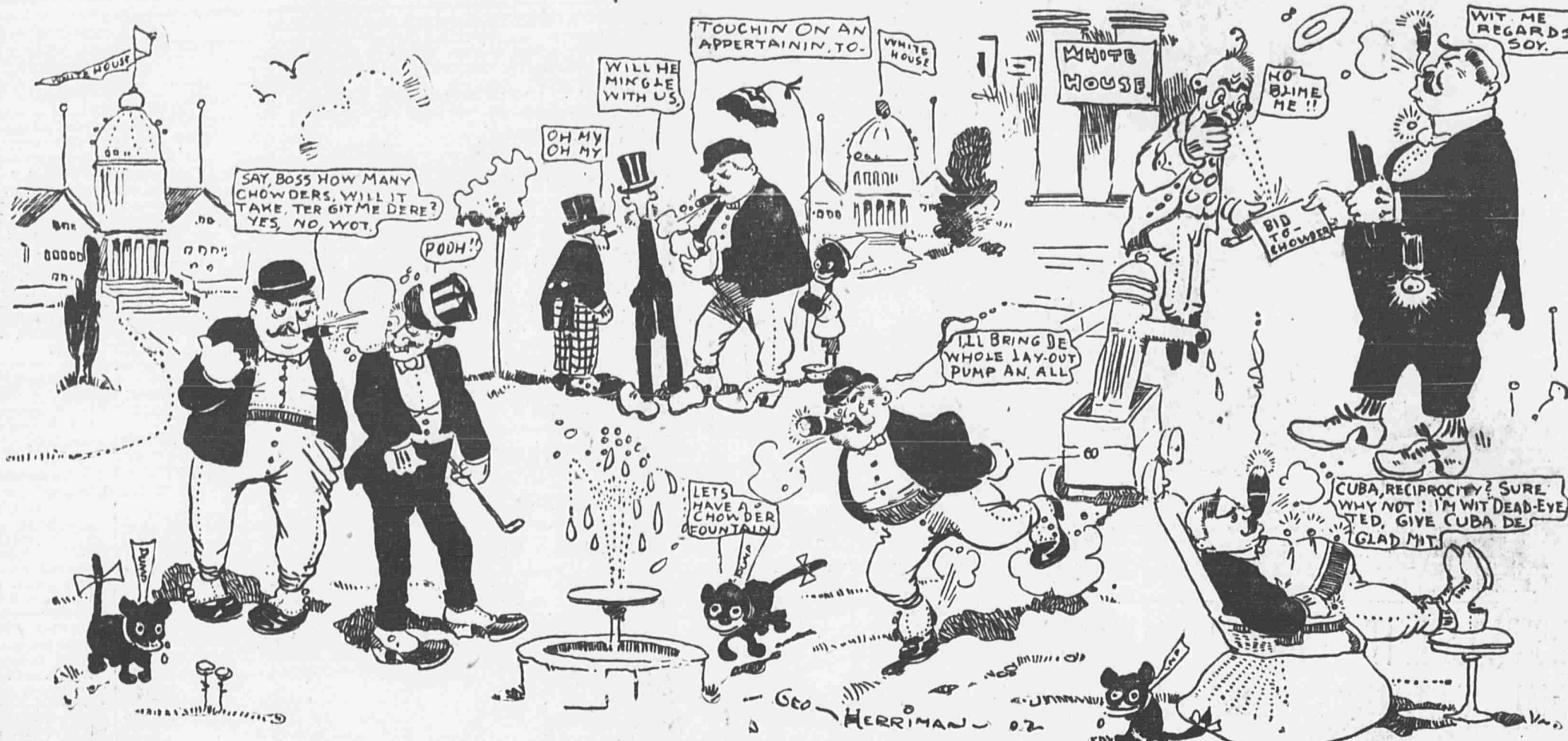
Such accidents are probably unpreventable by law. It is every American's inalienable right to own and use a sporting rifle, and the number of them manufactured and sold would indicate that few households are without one. Perhaps there should be congratulations that this marksmanship, abundant as it is, is relatively infrequent as compared with the opportunities.



Evening World's

THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

WHEN DEVERY BREAKS INTO CONGRESS.—ARTIST HARRIMAN'S IDEA OF IT.



A FEW REMARKS.

Loud laughed the grim tobacco man:
"Small wonder that I thrive!
I sell, as Cuban dollar smokes,
What cost me three-for-five."

It is about time for Piatt to apply for a renewal of his strike-settlement prophecy.

The increase of \$313,597,540 in the British debt, due to the Boer war, is indeed "a price to stagger humanity."

The Kronprinz Wilhelm was made to hustle even faster on his American trip than was Prince Henry.

France just now seems to be defying every one except Uncle Sam. Perhaps



the exception in his favor is due to the rather sudden and strenuous way Sammy has with people who defy him.

The investment of \$20,000,000 in a sewing machine trust shows its backers' belief in the proverb that what they sow they shall also reap.

Did Col. Partridge really need to have some one explain to him the meaning of "dope?"

Some fights are won with 10-inch guns. And stacks of smokeless powder, But Devery found victory Amid the clamful chowder.

The ranks of Sheehan now are flocks, All's over save the shouting. For oratory and such like glory, Aren't in it with an outing.

Now aren't you sorry you didn't wait till September for your vacation?

The Panama has been called in. The waistcoat has been called out. But it will be nothing short of a miracle if the open cars retire for the season before lavishing their usual vaudeville gifts in the shape of pneumonia.

Chorus girls need not throw away the



slippers Boris baptized in champagne. They may come in handy for Leopold.

Pension Agent—What are your grounds for applying for a pension?
Veteran—I was shot three times, theoretically, in the naval war of 1902.

Will the Ninth continue to eat chowder or must they now fall back on "beef and?"

There was a farmer man and he bought a golden brick. And the silly purchase left him broke without a cent to spare. But he's getting rich again by selling passee fruit.

To the gold-brick man who drops in at the merry county fair.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

PROVEN.

The old saying that "Time at last makes things even"
Is a worthy expression most ancient but true.
The people that throw orange peel on the pavements
Will find the peel soon throwing people there, too.

SO SHE DOUBLED IT.

"You talk twice as much as you used to,"
Said her mother to mischievous May.
Said May: "That because you refused to Believe more than half what I say."

STILL GOING.

Rip Van Winkle came down the hill after his twenty years' sleep.
"But my friends and relatives," he inquired, "where are they?"
"Dead and buried," replied the strangers, as they led him away weeping.
"And the coal strike?" he faltered.
"They are thinking of arbitration!"
Shrieking with joy, he realized that one link yet bound him to the past, and his life was later made happier by knowing that the original coal-strike jokes were still dinned into the public ear.

BORROWED JOKES.

A COME-BACK.

Upgarson—What are you looking so glum about? You told me the other day you had thrown all your cares to the winds.
Atom—So I had. But the winds changed and brought them back.—Chicago Tribune.

HER IDEAL.

Miss Pert—What is your ideal man?
Miss Oldmayde—Any man who will propose.—Louisville Journal.

HARD TO RECALL.

Beryl—Who was that young man that just tipped his hat to us?
Sibyl—I can't imagine. Let's see—oh, yes, that is the man I became engaged to last week.—Baltimore Herald.

NOT THE SAME.

Mr. Naybor—I heard you asking for your colored man. There's a colored man sitting on the step around the corner, perhaps that's he.
Newitt—Is he awake?
Mr. Naybor—Yes.
Newitt—Then that can't be my man.—Philadelphia Record.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

It Means "Please Reply."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the meaning of "R. S. V. P." at the bottom of an invitation?
ANXIOUS.

John E. Eustis.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the name of the Commissioner of Bronx Park?
L. C. T.
Rayway, N. J.

The Growth of "Knocking."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
If "knocking" had been incorporated twenty years ago at one cent a share, the man who held a single share of it could ride in a million dollar auto to-day. For "knocking" has increased a million-fold even within my recollection. More unkind, mean things are said, I think, about people, than ever in the old days. It would be a grand plan for every one to wake up some morning with the firm resolve to say no unkind

BETWEEN FRIENDS.



Maude—Tom declares we are so much alike that he often mistakes me for you.
Clara—Yes, I suppose Tom will never let up on that grudge he owes me.

CONSUMER'S VIEW.



Waggs—I understand the brewers have decided to advance the price of beer.
Jaggs—Well, why shouldn't they? Every time I order a glass of beer I've got to advance the price.

POSITIVELY BRUTAL.



Bikkins—I was completely carried away by your singing at the entertainment last evening.
Miss Screecher (delighted)—Indeed!
Bikkins—Yes; in fact I was carried away so completely that I didn't return.

NO SUCH LUCK.



First Kid—I sold a paper to J. P. Morgan to-day.
Second Kid—Did he want ter form a trust wid yer?

CLINGING WEIGHT.



"You must have enjoyed good health at the country place at which you boarded. They tell me when you left you weighed ten pounds more than when you came."
"Yes, there was that much mud on my shoes."

SHORT RATIONS.



Uncle Rastus—Yas, sah, Ah kin prove dat Noah didn't take enuf to eat on dat voyage.
Bones—How kin yo' prove it?
Uncle Rastus—Don't be good book say he only took one Ham?

DIOGENES.

Dr. Wessely, of Vienna, has discovered in a papyrus some new sayings of Diogenes the Cynic. There are proverbs and a number of tales. The papyrus is in wretched condition and only a few columns are legible, but it must have contained about 300 anecdotes of the philosopher.

ANTI-FLIRT.

Waitresses under the age of forty may not be employed in cafes or restaurants in Hungary.

SOMEBODIES.

CHASE, ALBERT—who has just died at a Soldiers' Home in Maine, was in charge of the Washington Navy-Yard bridge the night Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln. He held up the assassin for investigation, but as the latter gave a good account of himself let him pass.

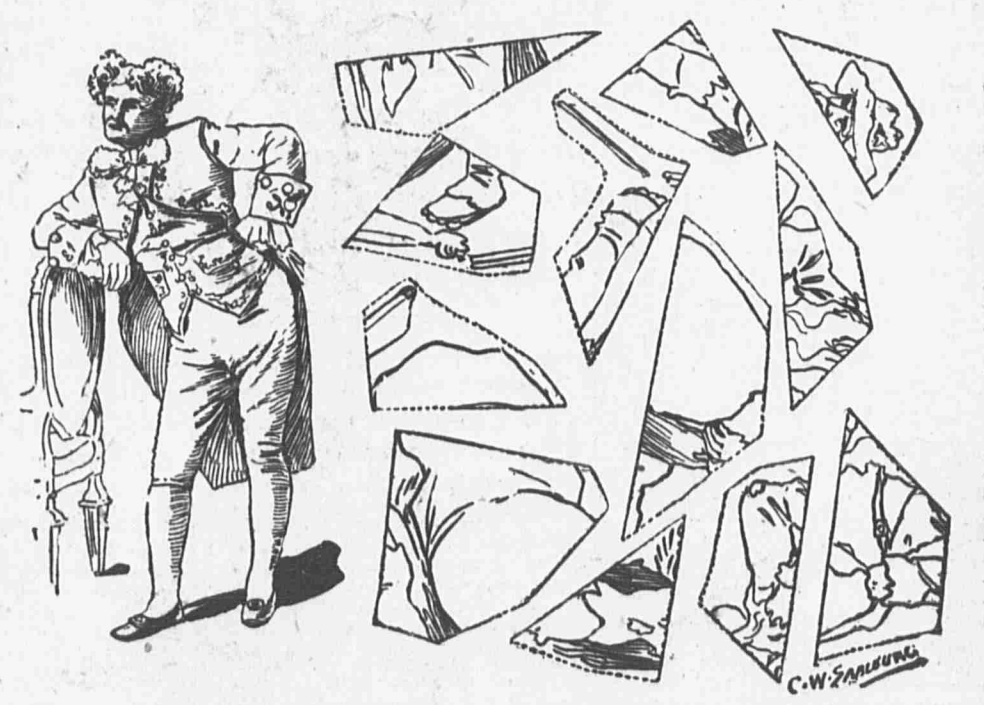
DE WET, GEN.—has received \$50,000 from a New York firm for the English and American rights to his promised book.

MARBURY, ELIZABETH—has been elected an Officer of the Instruction Publique in France in recognition of her work in protecting the works of French dramatists in this country.

WU TING-FANG—has just received a new Peking honor. He has been appointed a "Metropolitan Official of the Fourth Grade" of that city. To an ignorant Occidentalist this office would seem to correspond somewhat to the job of roundsman.

ODDITY CORNER.

IN A DUAL ROLE.



The figure to the left represents Joe Jefferson as Bob Acres in "The Rivals." You can change the character to represent Rip Van Winkle by cutting out the twelve scattered parts on dotted outlines and by placing them in certain positions over the figure of Bob Acres Rip Van Winkle in character will appear.

A DOG PAPER CARRIER.

A dog in the newspaper business is not a very common event, but there is one, named Bob, living in a certain Michigan town, who helps to distribute daily papers for his young master. In the downtown streets the boy runs to and fro, around corners and over crossings, in response to calls and beckonings from those who want to buy. Every now and then he will appear empty handed, be lost to view and return with a fresh armful of newspapers. A few blocks above a large pile of papers is protected from mischievous boys and dishonest pedestrians by a large Newfoundland dog, and it is to him that the boy comes whenever he needs more papers. This dog is the boy's able assistant and takes entire charge of the stock, enabling the owner to run up and down the street and get all the trade in sight, unhampered by a heavy load of papers.

In the evening John has a regular paper route and the dog is of more service to him then, if possible, than during the day. The boy takes one side of the street and the dog the other. John carries the papers and Bob comes back to him for each one as he needs it. If there is only one customer in a row of houses Bob always finds the right place, and, should the gate be latched, he jumps over with the paper in his mouth.

MOSQUITO EGGS.

Mosquito eggs are laid on the surface of stagnant water in bunches like this, though the picture here is greatly magnified.

PERSIAN WOMAN'S WEAR.

The indoor dress of a Persian woman comes as a revelation to those travellers who have only seen her shuffling along, an ungainly bundle in indigo blue. Indoors the baggy trousers and enveloping veil are discarded for a gauzy chemise under a brocaded silk jacket, a small cap or light silk handkerchief upon the head, and wide bouffant skirts, terminating at the knee, reveal a vista of bare leg—a ballet dancer's dress, in fact, without the tights.